FLOWER OF THE GORSE

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and Bennett agreed readily to accompany her, and the secretary was commissioned to order a car to be in readiness at ten-thirty A. M.

"As the day is bright, and there is no wind, I have selected an open car," he said on returning. "I hope you approve. Plenty of fresh air should be the best of tonics."

Yes, his mistress was pleased, if only because Yvonne must be decked out in some of the magnificent furs that the thoughtful Celeste had brought from Paris. Very charming the girl looked in a long sealskin coat with sable collar and cuffs, and a sable toque. Her mother's appraising glance spoke volumes as to plans for the future, when Yvonne came to England, and would need dressing in accordance with the new scheme of things. But Mrs. Carmac was genuinely surprised when she saw the size of the car.

"Couldn't the hotel provide a smaller one?" she asked.

"Only a closed car," explained Raymond.

"Well, since there is so much room to spare, hadn't you better come with us—that is, if your arm permits?"

"I am more than inclined to risk it," and Raymond smiled ruefully, as though tempted by this unexpected invitation. "Yes, please, I'll come. I'll delay you only a minute while I get a coat and an extra rug."

TOLLEMACHE happened to stroll out of the hotel the moment the secretary's back was turned. He shook hands with Mrs. Carmac and the lawyer, and nodded to Yvonne, on whom he permitted his eyes to dwell in an admiring if somewhat critical survey.

"Where are you off to?" he inquired.

"Lorient," said Yvonne.

"Why Lorient?" and his eyebrows rounded.

"I really don't know." She turned to Mrs. Carmac. "You tell," she said.

"Mr. Raymond has arranged everything," said Mrs. Carmac. "But why not Lorient?"

"Because it's an uninteresting place, notable only as containing the most inartistic statue in France."

"Very well. Come with us and be our guide. We don't care where we go."

"Is Mr. Raymond joining you?"

"Yes."

"Then be a good Samaritan, and take that poor fellow Jackson. He hasn't been out of his room since he was brought ashore, and his game leg will keep Mr. Raymond's crocked arm company."

"Bring him, by all means."

Thus, when Raymond appeared, the party was larger than he had bargained for. He was all smiles, however, even when he found himself placed by the side of the lame steward, and behind the chauffeur. Tollemache sat in front, while Mrs. Carmac, Yvonne, and Bennett occupied the spacious back seat. Tollemache promptly varied the program by striking into the broad Route Nationale leading to Quimperlé. They reached the quaint old town about eleven o'clock, and luncheon was ordered at that famous posting house, the Hotel du Lion d'Or. While the meal was being prepared they went on to the beautiful Chapelle Saint Fiacre, with its remarkable rood screen of carved and painted wood and rare sixteenth century stained glass. The excursion was voted delightful. The only person who felt that his projects had been completely frustrated—for that day, at any rate—was Harvey Raymond. He had hardly exchanged a word with Yvonne throughout the journey.

THE steward, however, was not neglected. His manner of speech was an unfailing source of amusement to Yvonne, whose acquaintance with the Cockney dialect had hitherto been derived solely from books. He was by way of being a humorist too. When he hobbled into the Chapelle Saint Fiacre, and gazed at the history of Adam and Eve as depicted on the screen, he raised a laugh by a caustic comment.

"That ain't exactly my idee of the Gawden o' Paradise, Miss," he said, when Yvonne told him what the carvings symbolized. "You wouldn't expect Eve to be chewin' a crabapple—now, would yer, Miss?"

"But what makes you think Eve is eating a crabapple?" she cried.

"Why, Miss, look at 'er fice!" he said. "Tork abart lemons! One bite has given 'er a pine!"

In the hotel at Quimperlé too he created a good deal of merriment on discovering the English name of a dish that looked and tasted like chicken but figured in the menu as *grenouilles à la financière.*

"W'at!" he cried, some natural embarrassment because of his surroundings yielding to horrified surprise. "Me eat a frog? Well, live and learn! But I tell you strite, I'd as soon 'ave eaten a snike!"

"What is a 'snike'?" inquired Raymond.

"It's a squirmin' reptile w'at eats frogs," said Jackson instantly, and, as the secretary had partaken freely of that particular course the retort did not lack point. But Raymond laughed with the others. He would have guffawed cheerfully if someone had bumped into his injured arm by way of a joke.

Bennett, being a lawyer, was not dull of perception. He claimed the front seat for the return journey; so Tollemache sat between Yvonne and her mother.

To be continued next Sunday

A PONDEROUS DICTIONARY

THE ponderous dictionaries in the English tongue and the still more weighty ones of Europe, even the famous many-volumed etymological index of Larousse, which is the monumental work of all in modern tongues, are more than surpassed by the Arabic dictionaries of five hundred years ago, which are still the great authority for students in that language. The Arabic dictionary most used by scholars who are familiar with no other language is in twenty quarto volumes and weighs close to a hundred pounds. It is all printed in—to the Western eye—the curious, crinkly, fly-specked characters of that ancient tongue. There is a fifty-pound ten-volume abridgment of it, presumably for use at home. This and practically all the Arabic dictionaries were made in the time of the "good" Harun-al-Rashid.

The Islamic Empire had two eras long ago. The first was that of conquest, when the only history was written with the sword; then came centuries of Mohammedan domination, when the Moslems peacefully held the empires they had conquered in Asia and in the Iberian Peninsula. During these art and literature flourished and the Arabic dictionary was born. In Arabia the flower of this period was in the golden time of Calif Harun-al-Rashid.

Each of the things that have been familiar in the daily life of the nomad Arabs for centuries has an enormous number of synonyms. The lion, for example, was feared by villagers and hunted not only for sport but as a matter of necessity. Therefore, in the Arabic dictionary the lion has more than a hundred different names. The camel was the sole means of transportation across the thirsty deserts, and is characterized in one hundred and twenty-two different ways. But above all the horse and the sword were the two great deities of the Arab. There are more than two hundred different words that mean *horse* and *sword.* All other familiar words, such as *tent, flocks, herds, water, woman, sun,* and *air,* have long lists of terms that are interchangeable and synonymous. This will give some slight explanation of why Arabic dictionaries are so large.

Arabic was the language of the Babylonians, and it is said on good authority that it was the tongue in which Abraham spoke. This is said to have been proved because, in the ancient oral traditions of the Arabs, Abraham has always been one of the chief historical figures, and the country in which he lived long before the coming of the Islamic empire was what is now called Arabia. Another curious thing about this tongue, which still is spoken by millions of people, is that before any set grammatical rules were ever made for speaking the language everyone used to talk in rimed verse. Our own rules of prosody and versification were taken from the Arabic. Even today when a speaker in Arabic wishes to express himself in a literary way he follows the ancient metrical usages of the language more than he does the grammatical rules that have sprung up within the last five hundred years.

Modern Arabic has its dialects; although the written speech as it appears in newspapers and presentday books is practically the same. A resident of Damascus can detect instantly one who comes from Aleppo or Beirut. The spoken Arabic of Egypt is still more distinct from that of the Arabian Peninsula or from the language of the Moors in Northern Africa; but it is nevertheless easily understandable by one who has a fluent knowledge of that tongue.—*T. S. Dayton*